

Halo: Red Moon

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Summary: The war between the Prophet of Truth is thickening. General Avian is having nightmares from her past. Old friends reunite to destroy the ever spreading plague: the Flood. Can Master Chief save the world from total annihilation? Only time will tell.

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Chapter 1: Seeds of Evil

The darkness enveloped the small woman, touching every muscle in her body; swallowing her whole. She ran as fast as her legs could carry her. She ran into an endless fear, supported by the only fact of knowledge this could not be real. Her jet black hair was pulled into a ponytail, her brown eyes set on the target ahead: a small glimmer of light teasing her in the distance. The woman jumped over some fallen pillar, giving her a sense of comfort which made no sense at all. What ever was chasing her seemed to gain speed as she rounded an invisible corner. She came to a wall where she was sure the light source came from, but it had disappeared as well as her hope of escaping. The creatures behind her made disgusting sounds, making her stomach churn. She backed up, her arms out wide as she slid down in a corner, her arms hugging her closely for support. The monsters limped lifelessly as they came for her, tentacles writhing around her pale skin, touching her face and neck ready to devour her soul. They reached her as the darkness swallowed her whole.

Sweat poured from her forehead as she sat up in her bunker, listening to the night sounds of the desert. _It was only a dream. _She thought to herself, placing a shaky hand upon her head. She sighed, covering her body up in the off-white sheets the forces provided for her. The woman wore a black tank-top, slightly torn everywhere. Her long gray pants covered her small, pale feet as she curled up into a ball trying to calm her quick beating heart. It seemed not to relax. She jerked her head towards the flap of the tent as a figure entered. It was a man clad in a full body suit of armor. It was only the Chief.

She released her breathe she was holding, afraid it was those terrible beasts in her dream.

"You all right?" He asked, setting himself down on the end of her bunk.

"Yesâ€¦I'm fine, John. Just a bad dream." She nodded, closing her brown eyes. She shifted her pillow revealing a Battle Rifle.

"Keep that close, huh?" Chief asked, nodding at the weapon.

The woman raised her eyebrows but smiled, "Yeah, I do. Just a precautionâ€¦you know." She smirked, slightly blushing. She couldn't see John's reaction, but it was clear he was amused by the chuckle he emitted.

"Might I ask, what was the dream about?" He asked, resting his back against one of the posts.

Her smile faded and she grimaced, "Why?"

"Just wondering." He replied, crossing his arms.

The woman hesitated, but sighed, "The Floodâ€¦it's every night when I go to sleep. I have to have at least two dreams with them in it." She replied in a small voice, covering herself tighter in the sheets.

John nodded and looked away, his orange visor catching the pale moonlight. "Don't let it bother youâ€¦" He was cut off as one of the soldiers entered the tent.

"Sir, the perimeter is secure." He stated, holding one of the flaps open with his left hand. In the other he held a SMG, gripping it tightly.

Chief nodded, "Thank you. You may go." He sighed as the soldier left the tent. Chief turned himself towards the woman, pointing at her, "Don't worry about it. All you have to worry about is actually facing them. Get some rest, General."

Avian nodded and placed her head on the pillow. _Tomorrow's going to be a busy day._

A pair of green eyes searched violently for their companion in their sunken sockets. They narrowed as a breath of air entered the body, releasing after a silent moment. The alien stood atop a small boulder, the moonlight reflecting off the tall stand of hair. It shook it's long, bird-like head and blinked the two large orbs of earth green, etched with a tint of orange around the slit of black pupil. The alien, whom was known to the Covenant forces as Commander Iram' Shanooke, gave a small squawk as a loud thud came up behind her. Iram was a Kig-Yar, about six feet tall; taller than most male Kig-Yar in their battalion. Her skin was a tanish-gray, with small circlets of green along the tops of her arms, legs and neck down to her tail bone. She was thin, but not flimsy. She had powerful leg

muscles which gave her support in the heat of battle.

The noise behind her grew ever louder and she gripped her Carbine tight, the knuckles on her thin hands turning white. A large, looming figure abruptly appeared behind the small Kig-Yar, breathing heavily. The other alien, much larger than his companion was roughly the size of the Lekgolos, but not as bulky. The alien was a mix breed of Lekgolos and Sangheili, strong in battle and agile as well. Ten long tentacles poked out from behind his helm stretching three feet long. Two tusk-like teeth protruded from the corners of his mouth upward about six inches. The rest of his long, jagged teeth were only a mere three inches in length. His purple tongue was two feet long giving him that menacing look. His eyes were small and blue; narrow. He had a large shield formed into his armor which he used as a melee weapon. Commander T'aur was not one to mess with.

He grinned, the white teeth glistening in the light, "Iram, what are you doing here this time of night?" He asked, giving a small cough. The coldness of the desert nights was affecting him, Iram noted.

She placed her hand on his arm, "I was looking for you. The Humans have made their encampment close by; a couple hundred yards away." She gave a small smile, "But you can't hurt them. Remember that, T'aur. Remember that." It sounded like a threat to T'aur ears, but of course T'aur had no visible ears to account for.

He snorted, "Yeah, yeah, yeah. I will make sure I do not crush any of those primate skulls. Do not worry about me. You have a short temper." He cooed.

"Ha! I'm the one with the short temper. Look who's talking!" She giggled, shoving him playfully on the side, "But seriously I was looking for you. Where were you anyway?" She asked, tilting her head to the left, her tall red mohawk swaying with the movement.

"Observing the Human camp." He replied shortly, splattering his face with some water that collected in a hole on the rock they were resting on.

"Uh huh. Tell me then, how many were there?" She asked, placing her hands on her hips.

"Is this really relevant?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact it is."

T'aur sighed in defeat. He turned his back to her, examining his launcher on his left arm. "I _was _observing the Human camp, but I did not determine how many of them there were. I do not pay much attention to that."

"Yes, all you ever think about is 'Kill kill kill!'" She threw her arms into the air for emphasis as she said each 'kill'.

"You can laugh; you are actually the bright one in thisâ€¦" He stopped himself before he could go any further.

Iram furrowed her brow. She leaned in, lowering her head to look into his crystal sapphire eyes. "What?" She asked, her voice barely a

whisper. T'aur looked up to find Iram's face nearly inches away from his. He searched her bird-like face, trying to not find humor in this mood setting.

"It is nothingâ€¦nothing you should be concerned in." He replied sheepishly, blinking his bright eyes.

"Everything we are going through concerns me." Iram purred, placing her head on his shoulder, closing her green eyes. T'aur didn't know what to do at first, but he wrapped his thick arms around her small body, placed his large head on her back and closed his eyes also. Desert crickets sounded off in the distance, hopping along the rock line below the cavern far off into the distance. The stars twinkled giving off light revealing a large cruiser overheadâ€¦

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file.